

In Recital

Naomi Schmold, soprano

with

Kinza Tyrrell Schmidt-Paborn, piano

Saturday, April 1, 2000 at 8:00 pm



Convocation
Hall

**Arts Building
University of Alberta**



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

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|---|--|
| V'adoro, pupille from Guilio Cesare (1724) | George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759) |
| Un certo non so che (date unknown) | Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741) |
| 6 songs from Italienisches Liederbuch (1890-1896) | Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903) |
| I. Auch kleine Dinge | |
| VI. Wer rief dich denn? | |
| X. Du denkst mit einem Fadchen | |
| XI. Wie lange schon | |
| XV. Mein Liebster ist so klein | |
| XLVI. Ich hab'in Penna | |
| From Cosi fan Tutte (1790) | Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791) |
| Despina's arias: | |
| In uomini | |
| Una donna a quindici anni | |
|
Intermission | |
| Nanna's Song (1939) | Kurt Weill
(1900-1950) |
| Words by Bertolt Brecht and translation by John Willett | |
| From Lady in the Dark (1941) | Kurt Weill |
| The Saga of Jenny | |
| Words by Ira Gershwin | |
| From Lost in the Stars (1949) | Kurt Weill |
| Stay Well | |
| Words by Maxwell Anderson | |
| From The Enchantress (1911) | Victor Herbert
(1859-1924) |
| Art is Calling for Me | |
| Words by Fred de Gresac and Harry B. Smith | |

From **A-My Name is Alice** (1985)

The French Song

conceived by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd

From **Pins and Needles** (1937)

Nobody Makes a Pass at Me

Harold Rome

(b. 1908)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Schmold.

Ms Schmold is a recipient of the Beryl Barns Memorial Award, and the Edmonton Opera Guild Scholarship.

A reception will follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

V'adorno, pupille/ I adore you, eyes

I adore you, eyes,
darts of love;
your sparks are welcome in my breast.
My sad heart, which calls you my dearly beloved
in every hour, longs for you to be compassionate.

Translated by Martha Gehart

Un certo non so che/Someone, I know not who

Someone, I know not who,
My truant heart has taken
And yet I feel no pain.
Suppose it could be Love?
Who, that his power might be taught,
My foot unwary has snared and caught,
My truant heart slyly taken?

Translated by John Alan Haughton

I. Auch kleine Dinge/Even the little things

Even the little things may often give us pleasure,
even the little things we may most highly prize;
above all gems the little pearl we treasure,
how great its worth and yet how small its size.
Behold how small a thing the olive's fruit,
yet for its perfect flavour it is sought.
Behold the rosebud so sweet, how small it is,
yet fairest of all flowers it is thought.

VI. Wer reif dich denn?/Who called you here?

Who called you here? who bade you come to me?
why should you come when irksome is the way?
Go to the maiden whom you deem more fair,
to her - to whom your thoughts and fancies stray.
Ah! go and follow where your heart's desire has led!
I gladly will dispense with love I know is dead.
Go to the maiden whom you deem more fair!
Who called you here? Who bade you come from
there?

**X. Du denkst mit einem Fädchen/To catch me with
a little thread**

To catch me with a little thread you're trying, and with
a look would make me captive neatly? I've caught
some others who were higher flying, so when I laugh,
don't trust me completely. I've caught some others, so
I tell you true. I am in love, but haply not with you!

XI. Wie lange schon/How often

How often have I prayed in fervent mood that a
musician might my true love be.
Now gracious Heaven, in very flesh and blood, the
man of my desire hath sent to me.
See here he comes along with gentle mien and bows
his head and plays... the violin.

XV. Mein Liebster ist so klein/My lover is so small

My lover is so small that, without bending, he sweeps
my parlour floor with locks trailing. When through
the garden he his way was wending, a snail among the
flowers found him quailing. then, ere from this great
fright he could recover, there came a fly and fairly
knocked him over; and when from this new terror he
had fled, a bumblebee flew past and broke his head. A
plague on gnats and flies and all things humming and
every lover from Maremma coming! A plague on
bumblebees and all things whizzing, and all who
make one stoop so low for kissing!

XLVI. Ich hab'in Penna/I have a lover

I have a lover true who lives in Penna,
and one in the Maremma plain over yonder,
one by the sunny harbour of Ancona, to meet the
fourth I'll to Viterbo wander; another dwells in
Casentino near, the next one lives in my own village
here, and still another have I in Magione, four in La
Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

Translated by Paul Heyse

In uomini/In men

In men, in soldiers, you hope for fidelity? Don't let
anyone hear you, for heaven's sake. They are all made
of the same stuff, the inconstant breezes have more
stability than men. Lying tears, deceitful looks, false
expressions, lying caresses, are their primary traits.
They love only their delight, then they despise us,
they deny us affection, nor is it worth asking the
barbarians for pity. We can pay, o women, with the
same money as this pernicious, indiscreet breed; let us
love for convenience, for vanity, la ra la.

**Una donna a quindici anni/ A lady of fifteen years
of age**

A lady of fifteen years of age must know each great
fashion, where the devil has his tail, what is good, and
what is bad. Must know the malicious ways that make
lovers fall in love, feign laughter, feign tears, invent
fine reasons. She must in a moment give attention to
a hundred people, with eyes talk with a thousand, to
give hope to all, whether handsome or ugly, to know
how to hide herself, without embarrassment, without
blushing, to know how to lie, and like a queen from a
high throne with "I can" and "I wish" make herself
obeyed. (It seems like they have a taste for such a
doctrine) Long live Despina who knows how to serve.

Translations from Word by
Word Translations of Songs and Arias
Scarecrow Press, Inc Metuchen NY. 1972

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